Massachusetts General Hospital

Training School for Nurses

THE BULFINCH

CLASS OF 1936

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ANNABELLA McCRAE

Instructor Practical Nursing — 1934

WITH HEARTFELT DEVOTION
AND
ETERNAL GRATITUDE
WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO OUR
MISS MCCRAE

CLASS OF 1936
GRADUATES

STUDENT NURSES COOPERATIVE GOVERNMENT

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MARY CONNELLY
Vice President

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Marjorie Goldthwaite
Rita Keane
Lois Alexander
Eleanor Delaney
Julia DeMane
Muriel Kearns
Barbara Groff
Margaret Hazen
Evelyn Lyons
Helen Bent
Edna Emerson
Sally Brown
Barbara Hatch

Kathryn Lonergan
Marian Mahoney
Mary Maguire
Alice Hagelshaw
Marjorie Dawson
Dorothy Emery
Catherine Lynch
Evelina Dray
Lucille Lyons
Lois Gladding
Elizabeth Johnston
Laura Guptil
Mary Hurley
Jean Farley
Beatrice Harper
Ruth McCracken
Jennie Kornacki
Miriam Hanaburgh
Edna Mach
Margaret McCulloch

Evelyn Brown
Ruth Nichols
Edith Oakes
Nina Darby
Barbara Bitzer
Rene Vanderstoot
Barbara Barron
Carol Coffin
Lillian Stelfox
Anna Sargent
Barbara Vivian
Marie Silverer
Eunice Pike
Margaret Ahern
Virginia Cox
Hazel Bielefield
Christine Stone
Margaret Robinson
Ruth Belcher
Virginia Walker

Mildred Morse
Rita Percy
Muriel Scott
Olive Robery
Janet Wheeler
Josephine Woods
Harriett Workman
Geneviève Rice
Irene Smith
Emily Wyman
Marguerite Vichules
Louise Moser
Dorothy Richardson
Ardra Tobey
Grace Washburn
Angelina Viscione
Phyllis Paton
Catherine Wilson
Lorraine Thayer
Dorothy Smith

Last Will and Testament

OF THE CLASS OF 1936

We, the class of 1936 of the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses; being of sound mind, subject to no undue influences and realizing that our days in this institution are numbered, do hereby bequeath our properties as follows:

To Miss Annabelle McCrae; Our gratitude, for the right to be designated as the last of the McCrae nurses.

To Miss Sally Johnson; A spacious, overstuffed davenport, to replace the too-high-too-hard and uncompromising wooden bench now occupied by persons waiting in the Rotunda to see her.

To Miss Nancy Fraser; Our deep appreciation for her unfailing personal interest in our health, although it has sometimes been obscured by chiding words.

To Miss Harriet McCollum; Student nurses who will buy closet keys to use, but not to lose.

To Miss Walborg Petersen; A siren to avoid collisions, especially in turning corners.

To Miss Barbara Williams; Our thanks for her diligence in locating us in our respective homes, when unexpected visitors arrived.

To Miss Eleanor Smith; Our full permission to institute more long needed improvements, such as the sinks on Ward E.

To Miss Minnie Pohe; Twenty-five hour days.

To Miss Beulah Lehr; An amplifier.

To Miss Louise Hollister; A hope for better Case Studies, turned in on time and without repeated reminders.

To Miss Marian Stevens; Some device to keep students awake during Pediatric classes at 8 A.M.

To Miss Olive Roberts; A courier, to round up nurses on "weighing day."

To Miss Edith Holway; Longer uniforms which the Laundry cannot shrink.

To Miss Ruth Sleeper; An assistant to carry on her work in the Training School Office, so that she may be free to teach more classes. May the future classes appreciate them as much as we have!

To Miss Helen Burgess; Our admiration for that smile!

To the Night Supervisors; A bell, to foretell their approach.

To the Head Nurses; Enough nurses to cover their wards, so that they will not become prematurely gray in their attempts to solve this problem.

To Miss Eleanor Hill; A little extra length, so that she may be able to keep up with Miss Pohe in the corridors.

To succeeding class; Our unparalleled ability for raising money.

To the House Officers; Better Relief nurses, to reduce the number of 2 A.M. calls for Bedtime Orders.

To the House Matrons: More and better cookies for Tea.

Individual Bequests

I, Lois Alexander, to the newly checked probes, my "model" appearance in the M.G.H. uniform.

I, Sally Brown, to the new Senior Class, my source of revenue to the class through my artistic talent.

We, Rita Percy and Evelina Dray, to others, our shining example of a friendship which has endured since birth.

I, Mary Connelly, to future long nurses, my calming influence in the Amphitheater with thirty-five cases scheduled.

I, Helen Bent, to the well worn Mary Chase, my bangs, in order that she may be still more devastating for future Practical Demonstrations.

I, Louise Cronin, to Ginger Rogers, my latest dancing steps.

I, Mary Maguire, to K. Armstrong, my ability to gain weight on the M.G.H. diet.

I, "Lee" Dufault, to M.G.H. a linguist, to take my place as an interpreter.

I, Dot Richardson, to M.G.H. a fund to supply student nurses with matches

I, Joan Dolan, to lonesome students, my bevy of admiring males.

I, Julia DeMane, to the future alto section of the Glee Club, my enthusiasm.

I, Margaret McCullouch, to all students, my special journalistic training, trusting that they will find a use for it in writing Case Studies.

I, Dorothy Smith, to Serge Koussevitsky, my industry, perseverance and success in conducting the Glee Club.

We, Barbara Groff and Barbara Hatch, to oblivion, our expressions, "Fancy seeing you here," and "oh dear."

I, Eleanor Delaney, to the Orthopedic Service, my fallen arches.

I, Dorothy Emery, to the laundry, my fresh looking caps.

I, Margaret Emery, to the Dormitory Board, a solution for my misdemeanors.

I, Hazel Bielefield, to Miss Whitelaw the position of Obstetrics Supervisor in the Middletown, Connecticut hospital.

I, Grace Washburn, to some inmate of McLean Hospital, my love for that institution.

I, Edna Emerson, to the Major Bowes Program, my ability to "tickle the ivories."

I, Ruth Nichols, to Caroline Singletary, my punctuality.

We, Peg Ahearn and Barbara Barron, to the Irish Sweepstakes, our knowledge of Rockingham Park.

I, Carol Coffin, to B.L.I. affiliates, the crackers and milk which I could always obtain.

I, Marie Scherer, to future pre-clinical student assistants my constantly ferocious temperament.

I, Lilian Stelfox, to some ambitious male nurse, my tennis ability.

I, "Ricky" Morris, to any of the underclass students who have an excess of late passes, my "Wim, Wigor and Witality."

We, Ruth Belcher and Kay Lovejoy, to some discouraged student, our ability to see the brighter sides of life.

I, Barbara Bitzer, to those students who frequent the Beaches in summer, an extra pair of shoes.

We, Emily Wyman and Janet Wheeler, to the 1936 Harvard football fans, our fur coats.

I, Mildred Morse, to anyone who wants it, my long term of Relief duty on Ward E.

I, Eunice Pike, to any night nurse's roommate, my typewriter.

I, Peg Robinson, to Future Big Floats, my varied experiences while serving my time in that capacity.

We, Kay Wilson and Irene Smith, to some struggling student, our scholastic reputation while at M.G.H.

I, Ruth McCracken, to Major Stimson, my fond aspirations for the Army Nursing Corps.

I, Blanche Ilsley, to Muriel McMurray, my whistling and singing ability.

I, Thelma Ingles, to Doris Hutchinson, president of the class of 1937, my sturdy shoulders to carry the worries of the whole class during the three years.

I, Kay Lynch, to the future Head Proctor of Thayer, a pair of soft soled shoes for night work.

I, Edna Mack, to the next scrub nurse in Baker, my flirtatious eyes as enhanced by a mask.

I, Dee Oakes, to Caroline Winters, my "line" with the men.

I, Margaret Hazen, to Margaret Mahoney, my soft manner and quiet ways.

I, Bernice Kimball, to Jane Martin, my extra late passes.

I, Evelyn Lyons, to Rebecca Benedict, a few precious inches of my superb height, so that she may be able to reach the field of operation without the aid of a stool.

I, Rita Keane, to Florence Perry, several round trip tickets to Nantasket with the hope that she will enjoy the swimming as much as I did last summer.

I, Anne Sargent, to future long operating nurses, my ability to send bilateral appendices to the Path. Lab.

We, Olive Robery and Marian Mahoney, to the great out-of-doors, our hilarious dispositions.

I, Christine Stone, to potential gastrics, my indignant attitude toward the M.G.H. daily rations.

I, Lois Gladding, to the whole world, my good-natured disposition.

I, Eileen Glynn, to the Dentyne Gum makers, my smile.

I, Virginia Walker, to Hollywood, my lovely Grecian nose.

We, Barbara Vivian and Barbara Phillips, to Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, our undaunted Dramatic efforts.

I, "Dubby" Smith, to whom it may concern, my contagious laughter.

I, Eva Borrner, to Woodbury's Soap, my "skin you love to touch."

I, Grace Flynn, to certain overconfident students, some of my shy manner.

I, Evelyn Brown, to the American Posture League, my perfect posture.

I, Rene Vandersloot, to Margaret Bonnette, my most unique chapeaux.

I, Marjorie Goldthwaite, to Florence Davis, in order that she may make herself heard more often, my rhetorical flights and flutterings.

I, Edith Lee, to Virginia Kidder, for the purpose of future economy, my pink cheeks.

We, Lucille Lyons, Jean Farley and Virginia Cox, to future Southern students, our Southern accents. May they capitalize on them as we have.

I, Jennie Kornacki, to all underclassmen, my immaculate appearance.

I, May Johnston, to Anaphylactic Clinic, my hay fever.

I, Marguerite Vichules, to any flirtatious student, my knowledge that engagements can last three years.

I, Marge Dawson, to the House Officers, return the use of their first names.

I, Muriel Kearns, to some Scotch lassie, my vivid plaids.

I, Laura Guptil, to Margaret McKee, my assurance that the path of true love never did run smooth.

I, Alice Hagelshaw, to my worst enemy, my love of night duty on Ward L at B.L.I.

I, Miriam Hanaburgh, to Margaret Heyse, my ideal stature for basket ball.

I, Beatrice Harper, to future Seniors on Ward C and D, my organizing ability.

I, Muriel Scott, to the Dakin's nurse, my knowledge of the circulatory diseases.

We, Mary Hurley and Ardra Tobey, to all students, our ability to have so many good times together.

I, Louise Moser, to Warren Library, my insatiable thirst for books.

I, Phyllis Paton, to any person who is subject to the "blues," my vivid imagination and irrepressible sense of humor, although I don't see how I can ever get along without them.

I, "Ginny" Rice, to the "Timid Soul," my love for arguments.

I, Nina Darby, to Student Government, a time clock and adding machine to help them in calculating violations of Dormitory rules.

I, Lorraine Thayer, to all nurses who must have appendectomies in the future, my dual personality: A considerate patient and a thoughtful nurse.

Prophecy OF THE CLASS OF 1936

It is the year 1946, just ten years since we graduated from the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses. Lois Gladding, now a professional cinematographer, is entertaining a group of the old crowd in her luxurious Park Avenue apartment. She has promised to show us some pictures of our classmates in their present conditions.

We first see that famous aviatrix, "Rickey" Morris with her sidecar "Ginny" Walker, returning from a trip to Mars in a plane which was designed by "Dubby" Smith. Pictures taken from the plane show us Evelyn Lyons in her Home for Wandering Newfoundland Dogs, atop the snowy peaks of Mount Everest. Laura Guptil is working with her there in perfecting a new patented mange cure.

Next our camera eye shows us glimpses of the latest Ethiopian crisis with Peg McCulloch, in her inimitable fashion, doing psychoanalyses of the natives. She is also demonstrating the similarity between their native traits and tendencies and those of a M.G.H. student arriving in the dining room and finding Salisbury steak on the menu. On the scene to give first aid shock treatment, after Peg's hypnotisms are Louise Cronin and Joan Dolan, while Eleanor Delaney is demonstrating the whys and wherefores of "out goes the bad air, in comes the good."

Far off in mystic India, swathed in the familiar turban and Gandhigarb, is Louise Moser lecturing on the Yoga Theory and her previous incarnation as a cockroach in the sterilizing room at the M.G.H. In stark contrast, in a little old New England village, are Olive Robery, Janet Wheeler, Emily Wyman and Marian Mahoney robed in subdued gray, lecturing to the Mother's Clubs. While in this same placid hamlet we see Bernice Kimball, Grace Flynn and Margaret Emery in their new roadhouse, the "Checker Box".

Ardra Tobey and Grace Washburn are seen experimenting with the diet of an African elephant and a hungry M.G.H. student. While Mary Hurley, with her vast dietary knowledge is planning the menus. Her specialty is liver puree.

Eva Borrner, now president of the A.N.A. has recently developed an operating technique whereby instruments may be retrieved from the

floor uncontaminated. "Jo" Woods is now chief of the surgical staff at the M.G.H. and is so busy that she employs two scrub nurses, Hazel Bielefield and Kay Wilson, running frantically from one to the other, keeping two operations going at the same time. Evelina Dray, after long hours of practice is unsurpassable as the sterilizing nurse. It is whispered about that Edna Mack is running a fudge kitchen for hungry House Officers in the Emergency Ward. "Billy" McCracken is taking a leave of absence to write a book entitled, "How to Run an Emergency Ward without the Bell System".

Barbara Barron is now superintendent of a Florida orange grove. Her specialty is oranges, labelled personally for each customer. You will recall how Barbara, as a probationer, labelled every orange in the fruit closet with the patient's full name.

Incidentally, did you know that Ruthie Belcher and Rita Percy have become even more famous since the appearance on the market of their colorless, tasteless, odorless, and painless tonic. They say it is even more renowned and efficacious than Lydia E. Pinkham's.

Marge Dawson, Kay Lovejoy, and Mary Connelly, the class debs, have an apartment on Beacon Hill, where they have been since 1936. They still continue to entertain in the same hilarious style of old.

Next we see Sally Brown, the class Raphael, making posters for Heinz' 57 Varieties. They say that Rene Vandersloot is employed as official taster for that company. We all remembered what a fine connoisseur of our delectable puree mongole, consomm Celestine, cous couse and Bisque of Catherine she used to be.

And speaking of the Browns, every time we open *Harper's Bazaar* we see a glimpse of Evelyn Brown and May Johnston, as sophisticated and well groomed as ever, as they model gowns for Patou and Schiaparelli. Blanche Illsley has opened a very successful modiste establishment in Paris.

Erring greatly, someone turns on the radio and we hear Phil Paton, now Canadian Minister in the Court of Mussolini, giving a speech in true Congressional manner on the vices of the saloon. Phil and Dot Smith have finally been forced to part. However, Dot is still loyal to M.G.H. and is now running a bureau through which student nurses may obtain names, addresses, telephone numbers and photographs of eligible young men to be invited to school dances. Her motto and guarantee is—"Disappointed in your man?—Double your money back."

Thelma Ingles has become a famous efficiency expert and is running a model hospital, without benefit of doctors or patients.

Again the scene changes and we see three figures madly chasing their dog sleds across the snowy wastes of Labrador. As they come closer we recognize Helen Bent, Julia DeMane and Eunice Pike, all dressed in Public Health Uniforms.

On the beach at Deauville we catch a glimpse of the famous Countess Woof-'n-poof, nee Barbara Vivian, with little "Woof" on her right and curly haired "Poof" on her left.

"Lee" Dufault, after her Student Government experience, is now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. One of the latest cases to be tried before her was that of Virginia Cox and Jean Farley, appealing to have their Southern accents pardoned. Marguerite Vichules is police reporter for the "New York Daily Mirror", with gory details her specialty. While on the newspaper business we must mention that Jennie Kornacki and Angie Viscione, with their excellent knowledge of foreign languages, are Foreign Editors of the Associated Press.

Coming back to the home territory again, we see Ruth Nichols has opened a dry cleaning agency next to Happy's. Peg Ahearn has bought out the Chinaman on Charles Street and is making money hand over fist with her low price—2 bibs for a nickel.

Lois Alexander, always advocating radical change, has made herself the leader of a newly formed Anti-Everything League, a socialistic faction. Their recent demonstration, in which 999 windows were broken, gave Mildred Morse's glass works a big boost.

Coming next is a picture of the Boston Braves with their new manager and owner, Rita Keane. We always knew that she was enthusiastic about baseball, but never dreamed she would go that far.

Lucille Lyons is teamed with Eleanor Powell in a new musical revue. And who do you suppose the writers of the show could be? None others than Edna Emerson and Barbara Groff! "Mickey" Kearns is now giving violin recitals on the Elizabeth Arden Radio Program for the benefit of the Orthopods and bigger and better plaster rooms.

At Columbia University School of Nursing we see Marie Scherer and Barbara Hatch in the teaching department. It seems that these are two girls who have made good use of their training at M.G.H. So many of the others have found other fields more profitable.

"Crit" Stone has founded a warm home for hairless dogs and "Ginny" Rice is the chief preventer of decubitus among these hairless, homeless hectors. The new chief of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital is Edith Lee, ably assisted by Lorraine Thayer who is developing new methods of treatment wherein no patients are restrained and everyone has a jolly time.

Dorothy Emery is now president of a new Dormitory Board whose motto is "Better late than never". Anne Sargent spends most of her time at Vanderbilt Hall, probably assisting that Uncle Sidney from Australia that she so often mentions.

"Dee" Oakes and the still attentive Paul are now employed as adagio dancers on the *Normandie*. On their last trip around the world they stopped off at the Island of Bali where they found Barbara Bitzer instructing the natives in the intricacies of the rhumba.

A loud buzz on the doorbell just announced Peg Robinson, now head of the New York division of Spencer Corsetiers. She boasts that not one door has been slammed in her face so far.

Eileen Glynn has just returned from an extensive cruise on her private yacht. You will remember that she was the treasurer of our class. She told us that she found Alice Hagelshaw in the role of chief sympathizer at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, mastoids her specialty.

Irene Smith has taken Mary Livingston's place on the Jello Program and we hear that Joe Peter Piper Penner and Nina Darby are that way about each other.

Beatrice Harper and Peg Hazen are now in charge of the Post Office at the M.G.H. Students' mail is now delivered to them personally, through the efforts of these girls.

Muriel Scott, true to her name, has purchased a famous fur store and they have a much bigger and better radio hour. The master of ceremonies is "Mickey" Maguire and Kay Lynch is the featured prima donna. They say that Carol Coffin is still trying to crash the gate.

Lilian Stelfox is now appearing on the Keith Circuit in a song and dance act called "The Embolus".

Mildred Morse and Dot Richardson are trying a new experiment at M.G.H. They are Head Nurses on a Ward where the nurse's preference comes first. "Goldie" is working with them and her special duty is to keep the bedside table covers straightened. The division of labor seems to have struck the institution at last.

As the last picture flickers across the screen and the lights go on, we are abruptly brought back to the present time. These glimpses into the lives of our old classmates had taken us back to the good old days at M.G.H. Little could we have guessed then, what these girls would be doing ten years hence. But, as we thought it over, we remember that even in 1936 these young women had tendencies which would invariably lead to their present occupations. Of course, some were distinctly surprises, but, on the whole, their future could have been predicted at graduation.

Who's Who

	February Section	*September Section*
Class Beauty Has:		
Complexion like	Muriel Kearns	Grace Washburn
Eyes	Helen Bent	Evelina Dray
Nose	Barbara Vivian	Lucille Lyons
Hair	Louise Cronin	Eva Borrner
Smile	Eleanor Delaney	Marian Mahoney
Figure	Barbara Groff	Evelina Dray
Disposition	Leonille Dufault	Jennie Kornacki
Artist	Sally Brown	Lorraine Thayer
Sage and Genius	Thelma Ingles	Margaret McCulloch
Chatterbox	Rita Keane	Genevieve Rice
Student	Christine Stone	Marguerite Vichules
Musician	Edna Emerson	Janet Wheeler
Sportsman	Lilian Stelfox	Emily Wyman
Baby	Virginia Walker	Evelyn Brown
Wittiest	Mary Morris	Kathryn Lovejoy
Quietest	Eunice Pike	Grace Flynn
Cutest	Muriel Kearns	Evelyn Brown
Best Natured	Anne Sargent	Ardra Tobey
Most Gracious	Rene Vandersloot	Virginia Cox
Most Conscientious	Evelyn Lyons	Alice Hagelshaw
Most Energetic	Mary Morris	Genevieve Rice
Most Original	Blanche Ilsley	Louise Moser
Most Modest	Margaret Hazen	Grace Flynn
Most Poised	Eleanor Delaney	Edna Mack
Biggest Arguer	Lois Alexander	Margaret McCulloch
Biggest Giggler	Frances Smith	Marian Mahoney
Tardiest	Rita Keane	Margaret Emery
Most Likely to Succeed	Marie Scherer	Marguerite Vichules
Done Most for the School	Thelma Ingles	Dorothy Smith

Evry - Remember B & J - Jees Hevs, youse My H'rs
make koode eggsecutiffs but how in hekk do
youse know what to do nexst - luck ——
+ remember Posie Alof —— Keane (Kate)